This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

★ [illegible]

[illegible] 1919

WHEN SKIES ARE GRAY

WHEN SKIES ARE GRAY

With a Rift or Two

VERSES

By

Clarence Watt Heazlitt

New York and Washington
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1909

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
P 19[illegible]
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1909

Copyright, 1909, by
Clarence Watt Heazlitt

"Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
Song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long."

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Compensation	11
A Master of Dreams	12
Companions	13
Till Break of Day	14
What the Raven Said	15
Beauty of Earth	16
Purple and Gold	17
Earth's Child	18
Hope for the Past	19
To a Rejected Manuscript	21
The Stars of God	23
A Traveller's Tale	24
A Reminiscence	29
Out of the Depths	30
Metamorphosis	31
Strange Fire	32
Dirge	33
Lines suggested by a Stormy New Year's Eve	34
Spiritus	35
Poe in Defeat	36
The Apostate's Revery,	37
The Toad at the Ear	38

PAGE

Not Alone 39
O Absalom! 40
"It was Night" 41
Peace and Death 42
"To Him that Overcometh" 43
Written on a Fly-leaf 45
A Hard Man 46
Summer Rest 47
The Jockey's Funeral 48
The Missing Reporter 49
After Life's Fever 50

COMPENSATION

Out of the west a golden ray,
  After the day of storm;
After the bleak and dreary day,
A glory of light on the troubled sea,—
The heaving, moaning, tossing sea;
While softly, as with promise of rest,
A gentle wind blows out of the west,—
Out of the purple and slumbrous west,
  After the day of storm.

Down from the throne a peaceful ray,
  After the day of pain;
After the tense and cheerless day,
Light from above for the troubled soul,—
The spirit vexed by wild alarms;
For the utterly weary and fainting soul,
The thrill of the everlasting arms,
  After the day of pain.

A MASTER OF DREAMS

DeQuincey, prince of dreamers! through whose brain
In sleep the subtle power of genius wrought
Strange fancies, yet with gloom and grandeur fraught.
High-towered and mighty cities wax and wane
Through ages dark with sorrow, loss and pain;
Rich temples, tombs, cathedrals, like to nought
On earth, rise cloudward,—shrines by pilgrims sought
In caravans o'er the dim and boundless plain;
Vast and spectral avenues of gloom
Conduct to distant gateways, massive, draped
With black,—each closed and towering portal seems
A bar to hope. Anon through vistas loom
Seas of faces as from doom escaped,—
And night with white persistent faces gleams.

COMPANIONS

Two figures on a silent road
  Went slowly on together;
'Twas near the utmost bound of life,
  And bleak and cold the weather;
The face of one was stern and hard,
  Sad-faced and bowed his brother;—
One figure gray was Selfishness,
  And Loneliness the other.

TILL BREAK OF DAY

An ancient story tells in mystic phrase
Of one who wrestled all night long
With strange antagonist, until, as day's
Gray dawn appeared, he felt his soul grow strong;
While foe transformed to angel speaking praise,
Blessing bestowed, and power to vanquish wrong.
So may I through the long, long night strive on,
Nor faint, until the day eternal dawn.

WHAT THE RAVEN SAID

Joyest thou in sunny light,
  Depths of azure, world of air?
Richer beauty hath the night,—
  Starry castles, thou mayest share.

Dwells thy soul where seems to rise
Far and radiant, height on height?
Airy vision! from thine eyes
  Night will hide it—kindly Night.

What if meets a holy gaze
  Brow of childhood, eyes of prayer?
Joys of Night are more than Day's,—
  Richer, and with less of care.

Lofty thoughts doth Day inspire,—
  Longings, strivings for the right?
Night is better,—these but tire;
  Rest thee in the arms of Night.

BEAUTY OF EARTH

Of the azure of flowers are the beautiful eyes,—
  Nought of the sky in them, nought of the sea.
Pale on the temples soul radiance dies;—
  Fashioned from earth mould, as lilies may be.

Nought from above in the beautiful face;
  Nought of the spirit,—no heavenly ray;
No halo of prayer nor largess of grace;—
  Beautiful, only,—beautiful clay!

PURPLE AND GOLD

Sun-painted clusters, fresh from the mould,
Royal with purple and splendid with gold,—
Dandelions, violets, fresh from earth's mould!

When sunshine of April is blessing the world,
Their sweet flower faces upward they raise,
By doorstep of cottage, on grass-grown ways,
When sunshine of April is flooding the world.

Secrets of kingliness bring they to me,—
"Be humble and kindly, if great thou wouldst be;
'Tis the cheerful and lowly that earth holdeth dear."—
And my soul is enriched with gold of good cheer.

EARTH'S CHILD

Passion-wearied and passion-pale,
Never for me can thy soothing fail.
I am thine own, of thee am I,—
Thine own child on thy breast would lie.
Calm from thy calm and rest from thy rest
Wholly do satisfy, thus on thy breast.
In the long grass at my head and my feet
Chirping of crickets is low and sweet;
Dreamlike echoes of children at play
Float on the air from the edge of day;
Pallid stars through the fading light
Breathe me no message of wrong and right.
Mother, thou givest me peace for moan,
Comforting thus thine own, thine own!

HOPE FOR THE PAST

I gaze to-night on twenty years,
  That reach in dim perspective far
  To fields beneath the morning star,—
The world of boyish hopes and fears.
And there is dimness on my sight,
  For there's so much of sad and strange,—
  So weird the witchery of change,
In twenty years fulfilled to-night.

Ay, change is weird,—though as of old
  Are street and lane and field and wood,
  As when I've often, musing, stood
And viewed them bathed in gray or gold.
Still winter traces frosty rune,
  And springtide smiles and murmurs still;
  And somber afternoons and chill
Still follow on the nights of June.

Not here, I know, is trace of change;
  The years in beauty come and go;
  Yet through the harvest and the snow
Abides a sense of sad and strange.
As things long treasured turned to dross
  And rare white flowers grown dark with blight
  Portend the falling of the night,—
E'en so this weary sense of loss.

But still I dream—if dream it be—
  That all that's best in years agone,—
  The joy and freshness of the dawn,—
Will one sweet day come back to me;
For sounding strangely from afar
  A voice I've heard, or dreamed I heard;—
  "To him who, steadfast, keeps my word,—
To him I'll give the morning star."

TO A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

Rejected, art thou? So have been thy betters;
I know,—"not the first, nor the second, rejection."
Ah, well, slumber now in thy grave of old letters,—
With prospect but slim for a new resurrection.

Editors,—men of all sovereign word,
Who have gained the world's lore and its burden have shouldered,—
Their decree must abide, though as all men have heard,
'Tis Keats who lives on, while Croker has mouldered.

It is clear thou art wanting—in what, is less plain;
Such clashing prescriptions tend only to worry;
I believe I like better the chilling refrain,
"We decline it with thanks;" or "we really are sorry."

" 'Tis a trifle too short." "Just a little too long."
"In color deficient—as bleak as December."
"Too erotic, though brilliant,—in passion too strong."
"A tamer effusion we fail to remember."

Poor child of my brain, all heedless thou art
  Of splenetic snarl and kindly suggestion;
Full calmly thou liest, nor feelest the smart,
  The keenness of which no critic need question.

But a truce to it all! I care not,—and yet,—
  If Homer e'er nodded, might not the *Atlantic?*
Or even the *Century* chance to forget
  How absurd may appear the ideal and romantic?

Howe'er that may be, no poorer am I,
  Though never such coveted corner possessing;
What boots it to one who can read in the sky
  A promise at dawn, and at even, a blessing?

THE STARS OF GOD

Daniel 12:3

Little one, they shine forever,—
  Points of beauty, glints of light;
All the stars shine forever,—
  Holy, steadfast, calm and bright.

Gaze upon them, little one;
  Earth is changeful, passion-torn;
Swayed by might of sea and sun;
  Stars are steadfast, eve and morn.

There's a story, little one;
  Search it out and scorn it never;
Those it tells of, duty done,
  As the stars shall shine forever.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE

In the sunflecked depths of a summer wood,
Whose lordly oaks had for centuries stood,
Where the time glides sweetly mid flower and song,
And the longest day is none too long,—
Were fair-haired children at gleeful play;
Of gentle blood and mien were they.

A traveller happened along that way,
Worn and faint with the heat of the day.
His visage was gaunt and strange to see.
On the mossy root of a spreading tree
He sat to rest on that summer day.

He sat him down with a heavy sigh.
For the look of woe in his sunken eye
The merriest passer-by would stay.
The children forsook their various play,
And questioning who and whence was he,
Gathered around him wonderingly.

"Traveller strange," spake a noble boy,
In whose eyes compassion shadowed joy,
"Thou seem'st to have come from far away,
For thou art worn and faint with the heat of the day;
And thy form is bowed, and thy step is slow,
And thine eyes are filled with a heavy woe:
Tell us, we pray thee, why this is so."

The traveller wearily raised his head
And looked around on the circle fair;
"My children," in broken voice he said,
"My burden of sorrow you may not share;
My story would fill your souls with dread,
And leave no place for gladness there."

"Nay, good sir, but thy tale we would hear;
Perchance we could speak thee a word of cheer."
"Ah, young sir," the traveller cries,
"Its meaning dark you could not surmise.
Yet it may serve some purpose wise:
Listen, then, to my story drear.

" 'Twas the closing hour of a winter's day;
The hilltops shone with the sun's last ray;
From the village hushed in twilight gloom
I climbed the hill through the withered broom;
From the summit red in the parting ray
I could look abroad on my childhood's home.

"I had wandered long and wandered far,
'Neath southern skies and polar star;
Through many a land, o'er many a sea,
I had wandered long and wearily.
No virtue had those wasted years
To heal my soul or quell my fears.

"From the summit I viewed with eager gaze
The scene I had loved in other days;
The low red house with the poplars tall,
And the wood behind like a shadowy wall;
From the hill through the grove to the farm-house
door
The pathway ran as in days of yore.

"Across from the wood fell the sunset's glow;
I gazed, and gazed, but my heart beat slow;
I wondered the house seemed so dark and chill;
I wondered that all was so utterly still;—
A-down the path I had started to go,
When a touch on my arm arrested my will.

"An ancient man by my side there stood;
His eye was wild, but his mien was good;
His face was white, his hair was gray,
His dress was that of another day:
A venerable man it seemed was he,
Yet I liked not the gaze that he bent on me.

" 'Venerable sir,' I ventured to say,
'Hinder me not on my homeward way;
Through many a land, for many a year
I've roamed with a single thought to cheer,—
The thought of home. No longer, I pray,
Deny me the bliss of a welcome dear.'

" '*That* thy home? thou art surely wrong;
(A piping voice, like a mermaid's song.)
'None ever lived in yon dark place
But I have known them, face to face.'
And he laughed a shrill and eldritch laugh,
And leaned his chin on his oaken staff.

"A venerable man he seemed to be;
Yet I liked not the gaze that he fixed on me;—
Deep, deep through my soul he gazed,
Till mine eyes were seared and my brain was dazed.
Ah, how chill was the circling air,
As it whistled and sighed through his long gray hair!

" 'Ancient man,' I cried at last,
As the night-shades gathered thick and fast,
'Thou knowest my home is waiting for me;
Its joy and its comfort I soon shall see;
I yet shall know a mother's caress,
And a father's hand my brow shall press!'

"Then whiter and sharper grew his face;
Of good from his visage fled every trace;
He raised his head from his oaken staff,
And he laughed again that fearful laugh;
'Go! I'll insure you a welcome there!'
And the night-wind played in his long gray hair.

"From the clouds above as they wandered wide,
From the woods afar as they tossed and sighed,
From the naked grove, and the poplars slim,
From the low red house with its outline dim,—
There came that laugh and those words of woe,—
'Come,—and a welcome you'll surely know!'

"From that curséd place I turned and fled;
But my brow was cold and my heart was dead;—
To the uttermost part of the earth I fled.
And now 'tis years since that winter's day,—
But my life is steeped in its twilight gray:
From the pale, pale east to the dying west,
I find no place where my head may rest."

The traveller strange from distant lands
Buried his face in his spectral hands;
The children beheld with blanchéd cheek,
But no word of cheer could the boldest speak;
Yet their eyes shone strange with a deeper light,
And homes were fairer and dearer that night.

A REMINISCENCE

Fair of form and sweet of face,
A marvel of unstudied grace;
A child with nought of dark alloy,—
Pure tenderness and faith and joy!

A picture bright with fairest hue,—
All white and gold and tender blue,—
Beaming light athwart the gloom
Of some long-forsaken room;
A tropic bird with shining wing—
A radiant, a beauteous thing!—
Glancing through the mist and rain,
Through the city's dole and stain;
A flower that breathes thro' prison cell
The gladness of its native dell;
A merry-pealing Christmas chime,
Peace speaking in a darksome time;—
Of these and fairer things I dreamed,
When, one sad day, what truly seemed
A child with nought of dark alloy
Filled all my soul with hope and joy!

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

"O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

Never so far away as to-night,—
  The heaven of God, to my fruitless calls!
Towering away to their measureless height,
  Sheer and black are the titan walls.

Spirit of mine, thou breath of God,
  Sovereign lord of suns and stars!
Silent now, like a tired bird
  That beats no more its prison bars.

Spirit of mine, thou breath of God!
  Prone for aye in the black abyss!
Eyries ever to go untrod,—
  Stars forgot, for such depths as this?

"Pleasure," moanest thou, spirit of mine?
  "Recompense,"—for a heaven lost?
Pleasure is sweet where a brain is fine,
  But O with thyself, thyself the cost!

Surely it fades from thee, spirit of mine;
  Slowly it passeth,—the beauty of morn.
Beauty, thine idol! spirit of mine,
  The beauty thou lovest of heaven is born.

METAMORPHOSIS

By light most holy encircled, enshrined,—
A face I saw when the skies were dark.
On temple and brow was the glory fair,
And the eyes were sweet with the spirit of prayer;—
'Twas on a day when the skies were dark.

O why on my gaze did the glory pale,
That somber day when the skies were dark?
There's pallor of death and downcast eyes,
When beauty of soul from the bosom flies;—
While winds are wailing and skies are dark.

STRANGE FIRE

O white young face with the burning eyes!
  Such burning eyes for so young a face!
'Tis a strange new fire that trembles and sighs
  As it sways the slight form of exquisite grace.
I make it intenser? Could I purchase surcease,—
  The fell ardor assuage by the anguish of years,
And bring to those eyes the calm starlight of peace
For the glow of the fire that blanches and seres,—
Then anguish through years were as bliss from the
    skies,
O fair young face with the burning eyes!

DIRGE

Suggested by the Dead March in *Saul*

To the tomb, bear him on,
To the tomb;
To the failure of the tomb;
To the darkness and the dumbness and the starkness
Of the tomb,—
To the cold, cold, cold, cold whiteness of the tomb,
Bear him on.

To the tomb, bear him on,
Through the gloom
Of the winter's afternoon,
And the swirling of the storm,
And the shrieking and the sobbing of the storm;
Through the wailing and the moaning and the sighing of the storm,
Bear him on.

To the skies, has he risen,
To the glory of the skies;
Like an eagle from its cage,—
From the dark, dark, dark, dark dungeon of its cage.
To the music of the skies,
To the sunlight and the beauty and the splendor of the skies,
Has he risen.

LINES

Suggested by a stormy New Year's Eve.

Sad is thy parting hour,
  Latest of years;
Only are left to thee,
  Darkness and tears.
Passed is thy beauty,
  Thy glory, thy might,—
Nothing is thine but thy
  Grave in the night.

Wailing and weeping thee,
  Winds are and skies;
Would that no sadder voice
  Ever might rise!
Ah, that rich lives should have
  Too like the years,
Nought at their passing save
  Darkness and tears!

SPIRITUS

Softly, as of the spirit world,
  Breathes the air of night;
Bringing touch to cheek and brow,
  Wondrously light;—
Softlier than in gardens fall
  Red rose leaves and white.

Whence hast thou this spirit touch
  Marvelously light?
Like, so like to that of one
  Vanished from my sight!
Long since vanished,—and thou breathest
  Only of the night.

POE IN DEFEAT

'Tis a waste of words; far better than you,
I know these things, sweet-hearted friend;
I worship their beauty and own them true,
Of the folly that scorns them, I know the end.
Ay, those fair heights of which you speak
Are brighter far to me than to you;
But they are for those who have will to seek.
No, I yield it all, and I go my way
To my kindred night. For such as you,
Fair child of an ever brightening day,
The skyward path of sacred light.

THE APOSTATE'S REVERY

Brief the respite day-dreams offer,
  Swift-returning darkness brings
To my shrinking ear the gruesome
  Flapping of uncanny wings,—
Wings that hover evil-omened;
  Through dim panes I just descry
Gaunt funereal elms and maples
  Tossing to a leaden sky.

Desolation, desolation!
  Can it be, O can it be
Such an one e'er lisped "Our Father"
  At a smiling mother's knee?
Is it truth, or strange illusion,
  That in dreamful years agone
This poor heart communed with heaven
  In the holy hush of dawn?

Strange the words that haunt and mock me,
  Bowed to-night in spectral gloom;
Not a ray athwart the pathway
  Downward leading to the tomb;—
Words from old forgotten volume
  Mould'ring on an upper shelf,—
"Desolate I will not leave you,
  I will take you to myself."

THE TOAD AT THE EAR

Wherefore this caretaking, fool that you are?
  One would suppose you had friends to please.
That if mien or if soul were freer of mar,
  'Twould give somebody pleasure, some scorner appease;—
Your name is mentioned in nobody's prayers,
Nobody thinks of you, nobody cares.

Do you dream that *she* knows of it, fool that you are,—
  She who is gone and forever and aye?
Praising her God in some beautiful star
  Thousands of millions of miles away,—
She cannot know how with you it fares;
Vain is your fancy that somebody cares.

What does it matter which way you take,
  Day after day and night by night?
There's none now to whisper, "for my sake
  Yield not the struggle—keep face toward the light."
Not a soul under heaven your wistfulness shares;
Nobody knows of it,—nobody cares.

NOT ALONE

John 16:32.

O that I in the dreariest day,
When sunless and bleak is life's winter,
With the Master might trustfully say,
"Not alone, for the Father is with me."

Though the day may his presence conceal,—
In the peace-breathing stillness of even,
The sweet truth of the words may I feel,—
"Not alone, for the Father is with me."

And through the dead hours of the night,
When the life of the world is suspended,
With the thought may my spirit be bright,—
"Not alone, for the Father is with me."

May these words of true courage and cheer
Be my stay when all other shall fail me;
Nought in life or in death will I fear,
While I know that the Father is with me.

O ABSALOM!

How vain the hoarse counseling,—"Calmness! control!"
When the light from his eyes, like the truth from his soul
And the smile from his lips, has long passed and for aye!
O that love could have saved from this sin-curséd day!

In visions they mock me,—the far sweet years;
Their hopes are cold ashes, triumphant their fears!—
Thou art lost, thou art lost to me,—nought can atone!
Would God I had died for thee,—died for my own!

My own! No escaping, no token of dawn!
My own! but with purity, tenderness, gone!
No pity for man and no longing for God!
If I could but have died for thee, sweet were the sod!

"IT WAS NIGHT"

John 13:30.

Night in the royal city,
  Like a pale and shadowy day;
The pinnacles white on the Temple height
  Gleam in the ghastly ray.

Night in the heart of the traitor,
  Wild and starless and drear!
On his ashen face is never a trace
  Of the joy of a triumph near.

Mysterious night for the chosen;—
  A portent they cannot know,
O'er the sacred board and the face of the Lord
  Flings its shadow of woe.

Night o'er the gentle Master,
  After the wearisome day of care;
A night of dread; and the kingly head
  Bows low in mighty prayer.

'Tis humanity's night of peril;
  Its hour of deadliest fear;
But the darkness fled when the Master said,
  "I have conquered;—be of good cheer."

PEACE AND DEATH

Calm and still, calm and still;
Never ripple breaks the surface
Of a life controlled by will;
Still and calm and rightly ordered.

Calm and still, calm and still;
Words of doom and words of healing,—
Words that other spirits fill
With joy or fear,—awake no answer.

Cold and dead, cold and dead!
Never marble less responsive!
Still and cold, for Love has fled;
Answers not, for Hope is buried.

"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH"

Battles he manfully,
  Faith to maintain;
  With foes in the blood
  And foes in the brain,
Battles he manfully.

"Ay, but how fruitlessly!"
  Scorns the discreet;
  And the poor baffled one
  Moans in defeat,—
"Ay, but how fruitlessly!"

Rightly ye pity him,
  Bound in the mesh;
  Evil engendered
  In spirit and flesh;—
Rightly ye pity him.

Sin he contendeth with,—
  Fair to the eyes;
  Witching the senses
  In sweetest disguise;—
Sin he contendeth with.

Pray for him lovingly,—
  Ye in whose breast
  Billows of passion
  Are lulled to their rest;—
Pray for him lovingly.

Battles he manfully,—
  God will uphold;
  And to his heart at last
  God will enfold
Him who strives manfully.

WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF A VOLUME OF PRIOR'S POEMS

Within at some length are the writings of Prior,—
A courtier, a wit, and a good versifier;
If further you go and pronounce him a poet,
A critic you're not, that opinion would show it.

A HARD MAN

Metallic his voice, and his eye gray and stony,
His age is full sixty, his god it is gold;
His nerves are of steel and his face lean and bony,
His hair iron-gray and his heart iron-cold.

SUMMER REST

'Tis the time of the year of all seasons the best,
When our earth is like unto the realms of the blest;
When no evil befalls nor temptations beset
And the minions of Satan to lure us forget.
I am dreaming, you think? If 'twere not as I say,
Would the churches be closed and the preachers
away?

These imperial months are the crest of the year,
When Innocence gambols with never a fear.
With evil quiescent, what reason, say I,
For worship in August or prayer in July?
The dread Prince of Darkness then rests, as he may,
While the churches are closed and their pastors
away.

No pastor will hear of such troublesome things
As "John went to the bad" (while *he* went to the
springs).
How restful to feel through the long, heated spell
That no effort is needed, that all will be well!
Too optimistic, you think? Then what do you say
To the church that is closed while the preacher's
away?

THE JOCKEY'S FUNERAL

As a child's his form is slim;—
Shrunken limbs and weazen face;
To his last, low resting place
A single arm may carry him.

He was neither great nor wise;—
Finished now his race of life;
Finished all the eager strife;
He has failed to win the prize.

Careless hands bear out the bier;
Careless eyes behold the dead;
Perchance a careless word is said,—
Half a sigh and half a sneer.

Blame him not; he lies so low!
One long winter spanned his days;
As to its sky his eyes he'd raise,
Who his inmost soul could know?

As on him falls the final clod,
Gentle words of Christ proclaim:
"To seek and save the lost I came:"
And leave to silence and to God.

THE MISSING REPORTER

"What has become of Americus Lowndes,
The young fellow from one of the down-river towns?"
"We had to discharge him. Good fellow, was Lowndes;
Steady, hard-working; no patience with clowns,
Though courteous always. The jokes or the frowns
Of the little great men he met on his rounds
Never could rile him; he kept within bounds.
But one night he wrote up a soirée at McPound's,—
Stunning affair,—and—believe it of Lowndes?—
Wrote 'ladies' for 'women' and 'dresses' for 'gowns'!"

AFTER LIFE'S FEVER

Bravely he struggled, with little of cheering,—
  Steadfast and strenuous, as the years passed;
Planning and toiling and hoping and fearing,—
  Now he is resting,—resting at last.

Sensitive spirit that shrank from reviling,
  Past are thy heartburnings, vanished thy fears;—
Now he is resting, ay, he is smiling,—
  As I have not seen him smiling in years.

Fierce was the pressure, O brain that was weary!
  Heavy the burden, O heart that was sore!
But now in thy sleep there is nought of the dreary,
  But taking of rest, and peace evermore.

Nothing of dread, now,—nought of molesting;—
  Hushed is the storm and spent is the blast.—
Now he is sweetly, peacefully resting,—
  Calmly, eternally, resting at last.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

NZ - 1916

form 410

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

NZ - 1916

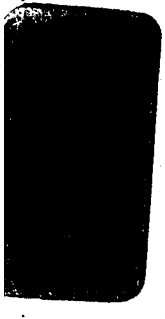
form 410

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

NZ - 1918

form 410



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

NZ - 1916

form 410